

The Oxford County Citizen

VOLUME XVIII—NUMBER 33.

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1912.

\$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

HISTORICAL.

Cleanings Here, There and Everywhere, But Mostly In Oxford County

BY LEONARD B. CHAPMAN.

THE NAME OF YORK.

Continued from Dec. 5.

Every clue thus far obtained points to Intervale lots numbered 11 and 12, located upon the southerly side of the Androscoggin river, some six miles easterly of Bethel Hill, and westerly of Bear's Corner, upon which Col. John York located, obtaining title January 13th, 1779, from Peter Astin of Fryeburg on payment of £100. The large amount comparatively paid indicates that improvements had been commenced by Astin.

A Peter Austin is alluded to in an historical sketch of Bethel as an unmarried man, living in a camp in 1750, the lot going to John Barker. This statement, like many others, is very confusing. Dr. Lapham states that he was fortunately absent at the date of the Indian raid but returned to his farm occupied later by the Barkers and continued upon it till 1760 when he sold out and removed to Canton, Me., where he became a wealthy farmer and reared a large family.

At another date Dr. Lapham states that Peter Austin's camp was located on a farm lot that went to Dea. Samuel Barker and was occupied by John Grover, Sen. as a companion, the two being in company in sugar manufacture. And Dea. Samuel Barker lived at the southerly end of the covered bridge over the Androscoggin, not far from the Hill, where the Barker name still remains. In 1790 when the U. S. Government made its first enumeration of heads of families and number of children belonging to each, Peter Astin was credited with two male inmates (including father) over sixteen years of age, four under sixteen, five girls (including mother) of all ages. The name is spelled in two or three different ways.

January 26th 1811, Dea. Samuel Barker, a Revolutionary soldier was notified in the Citizen from which it appears he purchased the Ferry property of Daniel Clark of Newton, Mass. Nov. 30th, 1802, paying \$1,200, buildings included and the lot extending back southerly to or near to Main street. At one time a man by the name of Timothy Litch lived upon it, and in a house standing upon the lot it is traditional my maternal grandfather boarded who was born in Watertown, Mass., May 12th, 1767, and raised much corn upon "Dad's Island," located near by which he inherited with much other Bethel real estate, whose name the Litch perpetuates. The present house, it is understood, shaded by the immense elm trees, and other attractions, was erected by Dea. Samuel Barker, the Bethel ferryman and tailor. The other indication of the original frame house plainly appearing between the present house and the river. Could Dea. Samuel's diary be obtained in its original form, it would be worth "its weight in gold." It "went west" where it was divided and subdivided. Nothing was left but its covers. Col. John York's home lot, it seems, was located just southerly of Hemlock Island, a little distance down the river from Newry Corner, the "Corner" being upon the southerly side of the Androscoggin at the mouth of Bear river. A short distance before reaching the site of the residence going down that way from the Hill is a well-known place where a road turns off to the southwest. Next a residence occupied by a Dea, then, in 1853, the residence of Capt. Amos Young—a one story house, large on the ground, long and low, with a red roof. In '53 it was painted red, but now a light color and in good repair seemingly. It stands between the highway and the Androscoggin, the river passing upon the southerly side of the residence. This is the site and more than probable the house constructed by Col. John York and somewhere on the lot he had a "Pett" was built, as more correctly speaking, the garriotte house. It was August 24, 1781, the Indian

SERMON.

By Rev. W. C. Curtis At The Congregational Church, Dec. 15.

The following sermon was preached by Rev. W. C. Curtis at the Congregational church Sunday, Dec. 15, but for lack of space we were unable to publish it last week.

"For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth so are my ways higher than your ways and my thoughts than your thoughts."

The 54th chapter of Isaiah is a prophecy of the Christ making atonement for sin, as a preparation for the coming of God's Kingdom, and the salvation of multitudes who will inherit it.

The 54th chapter presents a splendid picture of the redeemed city of God, and the Kingdom founded by the suffering Messiah.

The 55th chapter opens with a cordial invitation, and joyous welcome to this beautiful city and glorious Kingdom. Pressing arguments follow to enforce the invitation, then comes exhortation to repentance and reformation, and in the verses of the text the greatest encouragement is given to hope for pardon and forgiveness.

God's thoughts and ways are set over against ours, and a striking contrast made between them. God's thoughts and ways are higher than ours as the heavens are higher than the earth. A natural and beautiful illustration: It was God's thought that planned the universe.

The distant heavens studded with teeming worlds first existed in his thought. The astronomer, Kepler, said, "O God, I think thy thoughts after thee;" but the most of us are lost in the very beginning effort to follow the thought of God into these infinite spaces. Our thoughts stretched to their utmost limits perceive but the outskirts of His ways and how small a whisper do we hear of Him.

We get some hint of His infinite wisdom in the wonderful adjustment of planets and satellites that sweep around our sun. And a few times in a generation our admiration is challenged still farther by a comet, from some remote region of space, rushing into our solar system with such a velocity, as almost makes one dizzy to think of, and whirling around the sun without harming any of the train of planets to whose leader it has paid its respects. We think that the fast trains running from New York to Chicago at the rate of a mile a minute are prodigies of human skill and invention, and so they are; but in our busy lives we rarely find time to think that as our world whirls on its annual journey around the sun, we are swept along at the rate of more than 1,000 miles a minute. And yet these affairs of our solar system are local, we might almost say, trivial by comparison with what lies beyond. Would you get a far grander conception of the universe of God in the words of Mitchell, "O, to the astronomer and bid him lead you with him in one of his walks through space, and as he sweeps outward from world to world, from universe to universe, remember that the light from those dimy stains, on the deep blue of heaven, now falling on your eye, has been traversing space for a million of years." And it has travelled at the rate of 100,000 miles per second, that way to those limitless regions to illustrate the scope and perfection of God's thoughts! A thousand things right about us are equally incomprehensible.

How long would it have taken human genius to manufacture oxygen and nitrogen enough for the atmosphere of the earth, or to learn that animal life requires that these elements should be mixed in the proportions of one part of oxygen to four of nitrogen?

How long would it have taken man to adjust the lungs of all the different air-breathers to these proportions? For if any particular animal's lungs were much smaller he would soon wear them out in his struggle to get sufficient oxygen, while if they were much larger, the unused part decaying, would ruin the whole. The habits and nature of the fish require that he shall breathe water, yet the oxygen he must have, and through a system of gills he gets this from the water; but all the countless animals robbing the air of its oxygen and giving back carbonic acid would soon make it impossible for man to live.

INSTALLATION OF OFFICERS.

Bethel Lodge No. 97, F. & A. M.

Last Thursday night Past Master David G. Lovejoy installed the following officers of Bethel Lodge, No. 97, F. & A. M., in a very pleasant and efficient manner.

W. M., C. W. Hall.
S. W., C. K. Fox.
J. W., T. A. James.
Treas., E. H. Young.
Sec., F. B. Merrill.
S. D., J. L. Finney.
J. D., E. L. Brown.
S. S., A. W. Richardson.
J. S., E. E. Bishop.
Chap., W. C. Curtis.
March, G. L. Thurston.
Organist, D. H. Mason.
Tyler, N. E. Richardson.

The work was enlivened by a piano duet by Misses Haggood and Bossmann, a piano solo by Miss Ernestine Philbrook, a reading by Miss Richardson and a vocal solo by Mrs. Wright, also music by the Lodge quintette consisting of Bros. Wright, Young, Frost, Lyon and Billings. Bros. Curtis made a few interesting remarks.

After the exercises the tables were spread in the hall and all partook of the bountiful feast. A spirit of good fellowship prevailed and members and visitors agreed that it had been a very enjoyable occasion.

MAINE LEGISLATURE OPENS JAN. 1.

This winter at the Maine Capital is likely to be one of the most eventful and interesting in the State's history. With the Legislature divided as it is politically and important legislation to be urged and demanded, it behooves all of us to follow developments closely.

This can best be done beyond the limits of the Capital City by careful reading of the old reliable and modern equipped Kennebec Journal, a Maine daily that is commanding attention and respect among the country's best newspapers.

This winter the Kennebec Journal will not only publish daily the entire stenographic reports of the Legislative proceedings, but will maintain a staff of trained newspaper men at the Capital to cover committee hearings and to bring out in detail and in meaning every incident of importance. With one of the strongest editorial and reportorial organizations ever brought together on a Maine newspaper, the Kennebec Journal is prepared to handle this winter's proceedings as has never been done before.

Advance notices of ALL the committee hearings are published in the Journal, a matter of the greatest importance to those who are watching new legislation.

The Journal also publishes at opening of session biographical sketches of members of the Legislature, accompanied by half tone portraits. The price of the Daily edition will be \$1.25 for the session.

Address Kennebec Journal, Augusta.

able of sustaining life, so the vegetable world stands over against the animal ready to receive the carbonic acid and use it for its oxygen.

It is a law of physics that cold contracts, diminishes the bulk of an object or substance. But this law is reversed in the case of water when it reaches within a few degrees of the freezing point, so that the coldest water instead of being densest and settling to the bottom and there beginning to form ice, is lightest and floats on the surface. Think of an ice crew having to carry on their work at the bottom of a river or lake under half a dozen fathoms of water, or waiting till the ice, beginning to form at the bottom, reached the surface. Then the fish would all be dead, and the boys who had been waiting so long for skating would perhaps have become as stupid as little Esquimaux with hardly life enough to skate. Yet these things might be if God had not reversed this law of physics in respect to water.

One accustomed to the prailing questions of a child knows how easy it is for it to get to naught the wisdom of the sage.

How does bread and meat make bread? How does grass grow? And how can the grass in the same pasture make wool on the sheep, hair on the cow and feathers on the goose. Or

NEWSPAPER TALK.

Some of the newspaper fellows who did not succeed in gaining admittance to the sanctum sanctorum where the Progressives held their luncheon at the Falmouth Hotel in Portland last Saturday certainly have decidedly expansive imaginations.

Some of the authentic reports that are appearing in Democratic papers are certainly refreshing to some of us who were present upon that occasion. It is reported that arrangements have been perfected whereby the Progressives are to help elect Obadiah Gardner and they are to get everything else from Speaker of the House down to Assistant Door Keeper.

It seems a waste of space to refer to the absurdity of such a report, but in view of all the agitation that has been made concerning the United States Senator question it may be fitting to say that the Representatives elect at that conference were to a man absolutely opposed to placing any candidates in opposition to Mr. Burleigh or Mr. Peters, but will on the contrary, stand as firm as the rock of Gibraltar for their election.

FIREMEN'S BALL AT ODEON HALL, BETHEL.

Of course you have not forgotten about the ball the Volunteer Fire Company are to have on New Year's night, Jan. 1, 1913. They have secured the best orchestra in the State and are going to give you the time of your life. Just think of it, eight professional musicians. Why, you won't be able to keep your feet still when the band begins to play.

And if you don't dance you will want to hear the music, so you had better go into Puckard's and buy your seats for the gallery.

Now, don't forget!

It's the American Cadet Orchestra of Portland.

The date is Jan. 1st, 1913. The dance tickets are \$1.00. The gallery tickets are 50c and 35c. There are to be refreshments. You will have the time of your life.

RUMFORD HIGH SCHOOL BASKET BALL SCHEDULE.

The following is the basket ball schedule for this season as arranged by Manager Graves:

Nov. 22.—Wilton at Rumford.
Dec. 6.—Rumford at Phillips.
Dec. 7.—Rumford at Livermore.
Dec. 13.—Holland's at Rumford.
Dec. 20.—Open.
Dec. 21.—Horse Neck High at Rumford.
Jan. 2.—Livermore at Rumford.
Jan. 10.—E. L. H. School at Rumford.
Jan. 17.—Rumford at Wilton.
Jan. 18.—Rumford at Abbott.
Jan. 23.—Rumford at Bethel.
Jan. 31.—So. Portland at Rumford.
Feb. 7.—Open.
Feb. 11.—Rumford at Auburn.
Feb. 14.—Portland at Rumford.
Feb. 21.—Open.
Feb. 22.—Rumford at Westbrook.
Feb. 28.—Phillips at Rumford.
Mar. 7.—Open.
Mar. 12.—Westbrook at Rumford.

DROWNING AT NORWAY.

While skating on Lake Pocomassawassee at about 5 o'clock Sunday afternoon, Gerald Thompson, aged 22, son of Mrs. Walter Thompson, broke through the ice and was drowned. His cries for help were heard by some boys who were skating a short distance away, but they were able to reach him. His body was found in 22 feet of water. His father was drowned about five years ago in Hecar Lake. Besides his mother, Gerald leaves a younger brother and sister. He was the main support of the family.

MAINE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

A special meeting of the Department of Superintendence and Secretary Bethel Administration of the Maine Teachers' Association will be held at the Granite Chamber, State House, Augusta, Friday, December 27, at 10 A. M. This meeting is called for the purpose of a discussion of the proposed Teachers' Pension Act and such other school legislation as may be presented for consideration.

F. G. WADSWORTH, President. PHENOTT KEYES, Secretary.

WEAR RUBBERS This winter

CONCERT AT BETHEL.

The concert at the Congregational church last Sunday evening was conceded to be one of the best ever given in town. The program was carried out as given in the Citizen last week with the addition of a most beautiful violin solo by Mr. Wm. Bingham, 2nd; piano accompaniment by Mrs. J. G. Gehring. It would be impossible to tell which part of the program was most enjoyed, as it was all effective and appropriate. The old, old story that is ever now being told in song and verse and the children's happy faces were well worth a long distance to see. Their part of the program delighted both old and young. As suggested above it would be impossible to tell which part was the most enjoyable.

The solo by Mrs. Wright, the choros music and the music by the orchestra were a great addition to the program and brought forth many words of appreciation. Those who had the program in charge should receive the commendation of all for their untiring efforts to make the concert the success that it was.

BEAR RIVER GRANGE.

Officers elected for 1913 are: Master, Eli Stearns. Overseer, Lon Wright. Lecturer, A. T. Powers. Steward, Percy Brinck. Asst. Steward, Don C. Smith. Chaplain, Sumner Davis. Treasurer, Chesley Saunders. Secretary, A. E. Bailey. Gate Keeper, Carl M. Godwin. Ceres, Mrs. Sumner Davis. Pomona, Mrs. Eli Stearns. Flora, Mrs. Percy Brinck. Mr. and Mrs. Carl Godwin, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Powers, Mrs. Walter Foster and Dennis Kilgore attended State Grange at Portland.

OROCKETT-BARTLETT.

On Dec. 18th, at 2 P. M., a very pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Washington Heald at North Bethel, when Mrs. Heald's sister, Corn Varney Bartlett of Haverhill, Mass., was united in marriage with Mr. William H. Orockett of Locke's Mills, Maine. Rev. Chester Gore Miller of South Paris performed the ceremony, the single ring service being used.

The bride wore a gown of tussah royal cloth, tulle collar, yoke and sleeves in shadow lace rovers, and belt of pale blue velvet and satin, with gilt hand trimmings, sash and drapery edged with iridescent opal net. The bride was born in Sumner, but for several years has been one of the leading dressmakers of Haverhill, Mass., residing with her brother. The traveling suit was a creation of lavender lilies' cloth, trimmings of deeper tone velvet, rhinestone buttons, self color chiffon, iridescent hand trimming, with empress lace yoke. The groom is a well known business man of Locke's Mills. The couple left on the afternoon train amid showers of confetti, with hearty congratulations and good wishes of their many friends. After Jan. 15, they will be in their new home in Locke's Mills.

EXPECT 1000.

Y. M. C. A. Boys' Conference to be held in Portland.

Plans for the eighth annual State boys' conference, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian association are now being made by State Secretary Jefferson C. Smith and his corps of assistants. The conference is to be held in Portland on Feb. 7, 8 and 9, and will be one of the largest in the history of the boys' conference, as fully 1000 will be entertained.

For several years the State of Maine, which was first in North America to lead off in the plan of holding boys' conferences, has lead this continent in the size of her annual boys' meetings under Y. M. C. A. auspices. The average attendance has been about 600, and three times as many would have been accommodated if it had been possible.

When the work was first started in the Pine Tree State many looked upon it as a sort of a doubtful experiment, but there have been no less than 11 other states to adopt the plan since that time. Many consider it to be one of the most important Christian activities in the State.

Still joints or scissels relieved almost instantly by PHTHUMATOL. All druggists, 25c.

WANT COLUMN.

Put your Want and Sale notices here and they will be read in 5,000 Oxford County homes—1 line 1 week, 25c, 3 weeks 50c.

CANADIAN unleached hardwood ashes the best fertilizers on earth, car lots bulk, twelve dollars; sacked, thirteen dollars, sixty cents per ton delivered. George Stevens, Peterborough, Ontario, Canada. 6-1-12-1 yr.

FARM FOR SALE.

The H. R. Godwin farm in Bethel, Maine. Cuts about 45 tons hay. Plenty of wood. Some growing timber. Excellent chance for brick-making. Cranberry bed started and bearing. Three story main house with all—21 rooms. Shed, stable, and large barn, 40x60. Buildings in excellent condition. Excellent for summer home, summer boarders or for farming purposes alone. House can be used for two families. Apply to MAE A. GODWIN, or HERRICK & PARK, Bethel, Maine. Bethel, Me., Oct. 7, 1912. 10-10-11.

MAN WANTED.

To sell seeds in each county. A good paying position for a man acquainted with farming. Experience not necessary but honesty and industry are. Steady work. Cobb & Co., Franklin, Mass. 12-5-11.—S

PULLETS AND HENS FOR SALE.

Chicks, large, well-colored Red hens, single comb, \$1.00; others for 85c. Some big, mature Red pullets, \$2.00. B. P. Rock pullets, good ones for \$1.25. Others a month younger, \$1.00. CHANNING L. GROVER, Bethel, Maine, Box 217. 12-12-11.

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.

All taxes in Newry must be paid by Dec. 10th, to save advertising and further expense. H. M. KENDALL, Collector. 12-12-11.

FOR SALE.

One organ in excellent condition, sixteen chamber sets, springs, mattresses, straw matting, all wool carpets, stands, tables, chairs, some old fashioned furniture, pictures, lamps, stoves, one small show case. Will be sold at a bargain. Call or inquire of MRS. M. A. GODWIN, North Bethel, Me. 12-12-11.

FOR SALE—First quality green.

gray birch wood in quantities to suit parties at \$1.00 per cord delivered. Write or telephone. C. F. UPTON, Albany, Me. 12-19-11.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN.

One new set single sleas, 1 second hand set single sleas, 1 set double harness, only used twice, 1 light set harness, 1 second hand single harness, 2 new White Sewing Machines. A. F. COPELAND, Bethel, Me. 12-19-11.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN.

Two 4 light chandeliers complete with Rochester lamps. Used only 3 years in Massale Hall. Inquire of E. H. Young, Bethel, Me. 12-19-11.

FOR SALE—One six year old bay horse,

weighs about 1100 pounds, is perfectly sound, kind, good worker, single or double and fast driver. Will be sold at a bargain if taken at once. Inquire at the Citizen Office. 12-19-11.

BETHEL LOCALS.

Clarence McDonald of Portland spent Sunday at his uncle's, Lee Vail's, on Paradise road.

Helen Baker spent Sunday at her aunt's, Mrs. May Allen's, on Paradise.

Ralph Chapman was at his farm in Greenwood City, recently.

Mr. Irvine Harrison of Bates Col. legs to spending the holiday season with his mother on Summer street.

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A Storm- Bound Christmas By Dorothy Douglas

AD Wallingford had been anything but a wealthy bachelor and accustomed to having everything he wanted, the circumstances would have seemed less of a calamity.

He had been on his way to San Francisco to spend Christmas with his favorite married sister; and midway, in the most barren desert of the country, a bridge had been swept away by winter gales. His destination could not possibly be reached until Christmas was well over.

Wallingford cast a glance out over the wide stretch of rolling plains with only a few scattered shrubs to break their endless waste; and then he looked back to his bulging suitcase. The latest and most wonderful toys he could find in the city shops were crowded into that bag, for his sister's only boy. Then, not caring whether or not a highwayman might be looking in at the window of the parlor car, he took a small box from his waistcoat pocket and looked sorrowfully at a ring from which three exquisite diamonds flashed back at him.

Wallingford leaned back in his chair and in imagination pictured his sister's joy when slipping that ring on her finger. He could hear her exclaim to him for having no one else for whom to buy such baubles. He sighed and returned it to his pocket much as he might have cast it to the depths of the sea; it would do him as much good there as it would in his pocket under the present circumstances.

Wallingford was reconciled to a Christmas dinner over a lunch counter when his eye caught the name of Yankville. Yankville probably boasted a near-thousand inhabitants, yet Yankville also suggested the name of Every—Jack Every. When Wallingford had last heard of Jack Every the latter was located in Yankville. That was some eighteen months before, but there was no reason why he should not be there still.

It seemed that everyone in Yankville knew the Every household. It was the only one of any proportions in the village.

The red glow from an open fire within cheered Wallingford's numbed faculties as he rang the bell at the Every door.

On the face of her who opened the door, surprise was the principal expression. For, Wallingford, his six feet two inches in a great fur coat all dangling with glistening snow beads and his handsome glowing face looking frankly into her own, was a surprise for any eyes.

She did not wait for him to explain his errand but with the matron's privilege of hospitality invited him into the warmth of the house.

"It was too cold to stand outside," she explained and waited for his question.

"I am Bob Wallingford," he began meeting the easy cordial expression of her blue eyes. "I am one of the belated passengers of the bridge fire and decided to run over and see if Jack Every would take pity on an old friend and—"

"Jack Every left Yankville," she smiled played about her lips at mention of the illustrious village, "some six or seven months ago—"

Embarrassment, disappointment and surprise mingled equally in Wallingford's face and did not escape the eyes of Sylvia Vale. She spoke with ready tact.

"Take off that great coat, anyway and come into the fireside. It's not night to be out."

Wallingford followed the slim gray clad figure in a decidedly chaotic state of mind. Mingled with his embarrassment at having walked into an absolute stranger's house, was the sudden attraction he felt for this girl with the sunlit hair. Something—the combination perhaps—was making him feel like a tongue-tied schoolboy. It was a most unusual state of mind for Bob Wallingford.

There was a patter of little feet and a tiny boy of three years threw himself into Wallingford's arms. "Oh! Are you Santa Claus?" he cried gleefully. "I heard your sleigh bells and saw your big fuzzy coat! Mamma, isn't he Santa Claus?"

The child's mother would have spoken but Wallingford's eyes pleaded for silence.

"You young rascal! You caught me Santa this time, didn't you? And he came especially to find out what you wanted him to bring down the chimney!"

"Wallingford! How is the name of all that possible did you get here?" Dick, white as old cheese, of New York days, stood in the doorway and held out a glad hand of welcome.

A weight of relief fell from Wallingford's shoulders. It was no longer a stranger in a strange house. And did

he imagine it, or did a glad light come also into the eyes of the woman?

"How about yourself?" he asked when they had shaken hands.

"This is my own house and my own sister," laughed Elkins. "But where in the world did you and Mrs. Vale strike up an acquaintance?" He cast an interrogative glance at his sister.

"She never told me—"

Sylvia glanced quickly at Wallingford and a deep blush tinged her cheeks. She explained the circumstances and Wallingford was quickly made to feel that he had come to the right house.

"I will stay under one condition only," he said finally, "and that is that you all will accept, without protest, the Christmas gifts which I brought for my sister and her family—without question."

There was a moment's silence and the promise was made, laughingly.

"But we will have to return the favor," brother and sister spoke as one voice.

So it was decided.

"Too bad Vale couldn't get here," remarked Elkins, later in the evening when, the small boy having been tucked into bed, the three sat about the blazing fire.

"Yes—we would have made a jolly quartet," said Sylvia.

Wallingford was almost guilty of a gasp. The calm, unconcerned way in which she remarked that her husband would have completed a quartet on Christmas eve had been able to get there, was rather disconcerting.

Dick Elkins arose and left the room to get the boy's toys.

"Bring down the suitcase in my room," cried Wallingford. He was as excited as a boy.

"You will not regret having promised to accept what I had bought for my sister?" Wallingford leaned slightly toward Sylvia's gray dress and through the strands of her golden hair, and the man in him had a struggle before quenching the light in his own eyes. It was the girl herself who was unable to hide a tremor.

"I promise," she said unsteadily. "But it seems odd—"

Dick returned, staggering under a load of toys. Then they all jumped gladly into the spirit of Christmas.

"When my husband was living," said Sylvia as she planned up a tiny



invited him into the warmth of the house.

stocking, "he always spoke of the day when he could do this—"

The end of her sentence was drowned in the clatter of a huge box of blocks dropping to the hearthstone.

"Cheer up," said Wallingford; "wooden blocks don't break."

He stooped to pick the fallen toys and wondered if the woman pinning up the stocking beside him heard the thumping of his heart. A small box found its way into Sylvia's hand.

"Mrs. Vale, I can't keep this another minute," Wallingford said.

"Oh, I say!" exclaimed Dick when the flashing diamond ring was unwrapped. "You shouldn't expect to make a mistake—"

"You promised!" The eyes of the two men met and Elkins knew then and there what Wallingford's lips would speak.

With two of the opposite sex against her Elkins had little chance to demur and with a tingling sensation in every nerve she slipped the ring on her right hand.

It was late the next night when the child had again been tucked in bed to dream of a wonderful day in the blaze of toys with three grown up people to play with him, that the three again sat about the open fire.

"I never spent a happier Christmas," said Wallingford with a glad ring in his voice.

"Not I?" put in Dick. "Vale missed a good time all right," he added cheerfully. "She and her brother-in-law are quite smitten." And unaware of the havoc he had created in Wallingford's heart he took his departure for bed, leaving the two in silence.

But the silence was a complete one—one in which spoken words and thoughts were unnecessary. After a moment Wallingford leaned forward and compelled Sylvia's eyes and while he did so he took her right hand and removed the ring and put it finally on the third finger of her left hand.

"Great Christmas!" he said breathlessly. "We will spend at our own fireside. It is all very sudden and very wonderful, but I always do important things suddenly and—here is always wonderful!"

DICKING A PRESENT FOR PLATT By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

WHEN Harry Platt and that girl friend of the Greens (I forget her name) were married, it was one of those my-goodness-gracious-just-think-of-that-at-fairs, with no one in the secret except the suburban minister who tied the knot, the cabman who drove them out there and the girl from the minister's kitchen, who was a witness, and left a thumb-print of grease on the certificate (she was frying doughnuts at the time) and the minister's wife (at least the name was the same). Let's see, where was I? Oh, yes, when the Platts were married there was no chance to send them a wedding gift as I would have liked to do, or to have done, (whichever is proper, or grammatical, though I'm sure I can never tell which) But Mr. Platt is one of the nicest men in the office, that is, he was before this happened. So I felt we ought to do something for him, just to show our good will—and, anyhow, we've dug down for others we thought much less of, so why shouldn't we for him? But the wedding was over, without invitations, or even a reception, and they were housekeeping before we knew it. So what could we do?

Well, just then Christmas came along not just then but two months after the wedding. They were married October 23, so it wasn't quite two months, but that's a fact, I'm sure. When Christmas came along, that is, just before it came along, I suggested that we make up a purse and give them a sort of delayed wedding present, just to show our good will. Everybody thought it was a splendid idea, that is, of course, except Mr. Platt, whom, of course, I didn't consult. So I got up a subscription paper and went to everybody in the office (except Mr. Platt, of course). I got \$25.00, including ten cents from the janitor, who wasn't expected to give anything but wanted to give something, which shows just how popular Mr. Platt was with everyone in the building, when a janitor even would chip in.

Christmas shopping is hard enough goodenough, when you do it for yourself; but when you do it for a stock company capitalized at \$250,000 with 25 stockholders, with 25 different kinds of ideas and tastes, then Christmas shopping rises above a mere annoyance to the dignity of a real trouble. And that's what I was up against. I thought it would be nice to get an expression of opinion. So I went around one morning and asked for ideas. But I couldn't get a word. Nobody could think of anything. I couldn't myself. At noon I went out and looked at the clock. I priced, then I went back to my desk. Honest, you would have thought some one had turned in a general alarm. They couldn't wait for me to get back. There they were—25 of them, (that is, 27, or 28 with me). They all had suggestions, and they were all different.

The head book-keeper thought an arm chair would be nice (he stands up all day). The collector thought a rain coat would be best, while Miss Jones suggested a dress pattern. They all said, of course, that they left it entirely to me; and then each went away sadly, as much as to say that he hoped I wouldn't be so foolish as to buy any of those other things that the others had proposed.

The next day I looked again. But either a thing was too expensive or I would have money left. It is remarkable how few things there are in the world you can buy for \$25.00 no more, no less.

And then I saw it. It was in a department store, and marked down from \$50 to \$25.00! There it was, a cent! A great big, glittering, magnificent bunch bowl! Nobody had thought of that!

But, to make sure, I sent the sales clerk with it and told the Platts they could exchange the bunch bowl, if they wished, for something they liked better.

And what do you suppose, then, Platts did?

In January they traded in that magnificent bunch bowl for three tons of coal!



BEST TOMATO CATSUP

BALTIMORE BOASTS OF RECIPE THAT IS SUPERIOR.

Ingredients of Favorite Condiment Much the Same as Those Familiar to Every Housewife—East Indian Mixture Is New.

One peck of ripe tomatoes, wash and cut in half and cook in a porcelain kettle until the pulp is softened and the juice extracted. Strain and press through a colander and, then through a fine sieve.

Return to the fire and add one ounce of salt, one-half ounce of mace, ground, one tablespoon of black pepper, one teaspoon of cayenne pepper, one tablespoon of ground cloves, one-half tablespoon of ground allspice, six tablespoons of ground mustard and one tablespoon of crushed celery seeds tied in a bag.

Boil at least five hours, stirring constantly the last hour and frequently throughout the whole operation. Let stand over night in a cool place. In the morning add a pint of strong vinegar. Take out the bag of celery seed and bottle and keep in a dark place.

A recipe from Baltimore, Maryland, that has been pronounced by competent judges to be superior to all others is the following:

One bushel of firm, ripe tomatoes. Wash and cut out the cores and put in a porcelain kettle with three pints of water. Add ten small onions cut fine, boil until the tomatoes are done, which will be about two hours. Strain as directed above, then return to the fire with a half gallon of strong vinegar.

Mix the dry ground spices and sugar together; one ounce of cloves, one ounce cinnamon, two ounces black pepper, two grated nutmegs, one pint salt, two pounds of light brown sugar.

This mixture will make the catsup dark in color but rich in flavor. If you like it "hot" add cayenne to suit your taste.

Boil two hours longer, stirring to prevent scorching, and when cool fill the bottles and cork and cover corks with paraffin.

An East Indian tomato sauce that is very pungent, and excellent to serve with fish, macaroni and cold meats, is found in an old book called "Domestic Economy of India."

It calls for three dozen fine, very ripe tomatoes, skinned and seeded. Work these through a sieve and boil until the water is evaporated and the whole reduced about one-half. Add three ounces of powdered ginger, five cloves of garlic or six small silver onions crushed; two wine glasses of best vinegar, two ounces of salt, a quarter of an ounce of paprika, one-half ounce of white pepper or strong curry powder.

Let the whole boil twenty minutes, stirring often; cool and bottle.—Henrietta D. Grauel.

Lamb Croquettes. One quart chopped lamb, saltspoon pepper, one teaspoon salt, one tablespoon grated onion, one pint of the left-over lamb gravy, two rounding tablespoons of butter, four rounding tablespoons of flour, one egg and breadcrumbs; mix lamb with onion, salt and pepper; heat gravy very hot, rub butter and flour together and add to hot gravy; add the seasoned meat and turn out to cool when cold form into pyramid-shaped croquettes; roll in beaten egg, then in breadcrumbs, and sprinkle with a mixture of sugar and nutmeg; bake till edges of bread are slightly brown and apples are tender; serve at once.

Checkerboard Cake. Light part, one-half cup sugar, whites of two eggs, two-thirds cup cream, one-fourth cup water, one teaspoon flavoring, four to make a medium stiff batter. Dark part, one-half cup sugar, yolks of two eggs, two-thirds cup cream, one-fourth cup water, two tablespoons chocolate and water, two tablespoons cocoa, four to make a stiff batter. Bake in round cake tin, first a strip of the dark batter around pan at outer edge, then a light ring, then dark, etc., until pan is covered. The next pan start with light batter. This, when cake is put together brings light and dark together, forming square checks.

Tin Scrub Bucket. The most convenient scrub bucket is a light one made of galvanized iron, with a wide, flaring top. The bucket should be fitted with a wire soap tray at one side, for often the soap is wasted when left floating in the water, or there is no convenient place to put it while scrubbing. Holes can be punched in the bucket and the wire tray fastened with wire or heavy cord. Again, the soap may be kept in the tray and always be convenient when needed.

Potato Apples. Two cups of hot mashed potatoes, two tablespoons of butter, one-third cup of grated cheese, one-half teaspoon of salt, a few grains of cayenne, a little grated nutmeg, two in cups of thick cream and yolks of two eggs. Mix ingredients in order given and beat thoroughly. Shape as small apples. Roll in flour, egg and crumbs. Fry in deep fat and drain on brown paper. Insert a clove at both stem and blossom end.

NEW RECIPE. Grate an apple into your horseradish, and you will have as fine a relish as you could possibly wish.

SOUTH PARIS.

(Deferred.)

The election of officers of Aurora Encampment was held Monday evening. They are:—Chief, Patrick, Mr. Hemmingway; high priest, Charles Hemmingway; senior warden, Arthur Clark; secretary, A. F. Haley; treasurer, A. E. Shortliff.

The new pipe organ constructed and being now installed in the First Universalist Church, by the M. P. Moller Co., of Hagerstown, Md., will be ready to turn over to the church the last of the week. The grand organ concert in dedication of the organ will be held Friday evening, Dec. 27, at 8 o'clock. Prof. Frank L. Harkin will show the possibilities of the instrument. Other numbers will be presented by C. A. Warren, violinist, and L. B. Cain, baritone. The organ is the pneumatic, duplex chest make of large range and capabilities. It is the only instrument of its kind in the town and the second from this firm in the State.

The Seven Club was entertained Monday evening by Mrs. W. P. Morton. The roll call was answered by original rhymes. The study was a continuation of the history of China.

Mrs. Fernald had a paper on "Painting and Sculpture," and Mrs. Haskell one on "Women and the Home," and a book review by Mrs. Taylor.

The students of the High school will hold a prize speaking contest Thursday evening at the school building. Friday night they will hold a sociable.

Herbert G. Fletcher was in Portland several days last week, serving on the grand jury in the United States court.

A. E. Morse read Saturday evening at the entertainment given by the Harmony Club at West Sumner.

Rev. Herbert L. Gale, the well known evangelist, who has labored in South Paris within a few years, died in Boston on Monday of last week.

L. B. Carter and Dr. Packard and family moved to West Paris the first of last week. The rent in W. A. Porter's building which they have had will be occupied by H. W. Starbird and family.

Mrs. Clairmont Clifford Jones, widow of Orin Jones, who died in Oxford on Monday of last week, at the age of 85 years, was the daughter of David Clifford of Paris, and was the last survivor of that family.

Chandler Swift, who has been for some weeks in the Central Maine General Hospital at Lewiston, went last week to Belfast to remain with his sister, Mrs. E. H. Lunt. He is about the same as when he entered the hospital.

Mount Pleasant Rebekah Lodge was largely attended Friday evening there being 150 present at the supper, at Grand Army Hall. At the meeting a fine program was carried out, a history of this lodge was given by A. E. Shortliff which was much enjoyed by the members. Other speakers were Hon. James S. Wright, Albert D. Park, N. D. Balster, Walter P. Maxim and Arthur E. Clark.

Miss Ella Labree of Lewiston who has been stenographer in the office of the Paris Manufacturing Company for the past two years closed her engagement there on Saturday and will go to Boston where she has a position. Miss Ida Dean takes her place.

Dr. C. L. Bark left Monday for Portland where he will attend the meeting of the State Sunday school executive committee.

MARSHALL DISTRICT. (Deferred.)

A large crowd gathered from far and near at the church vestry at Hunt's corner last Friday evening to a baked bean supper and a sale, given for the benefit of the church. Over forty two dollars was realized from the supper and sale.

Mr. Will Hand of South Paris is staying for a while at C. H. McAllister's and working in the woods.

The many friends of Miss Maud Becker are glad to welcome her home again.

Why Christmas is almost upon us—last night he said "Thank you" to me.

His hands were as white as his mother's; his hair was as straight as could be.

And he went up to bed without grumbling, the arctic and regisist young slave!

It's time to be thinking of Christmas—the boy has begun to behave!

Edgar A. Guest, in Detroit Free Press.

PORTLAND WHITE LEAD

The Real OLD DUTCH PROCESS Assures You This Satisfaction. Your house, barn and out-buildings will have the best and most economical protection you know of. If you use PORTLAND White Lead, and we have been manufacturing paint over 50 years. For sale at your dealer's.

Look for this Label.



For Sale by W. E. BOSSERMAN, Bethel, Maine.

HUNTING FATALITIES.

Twenty seven men and boys were killed by fire arms in the New England states and the maritime provinces during the fall hunting season, which closed Saturday. In addition one boy was shot before the legal season opened, while three men were drowned hunting and two hunters died from exhaustion.

The number of victims is a slight reduction from the figures of last year, but exceeds the total of 1900. Maine contributed ten victims, Massachusetts five, New Hampshire four, Vermont, Rhode Island and Connecticut—one each, and the provinces five.

The decreased figures are in the face of a greater number of hunters than ever before.

Six of the hunters killed were shot in mistake for animals. Ten were killed by their own guns and eleven by the accidental discharge of guns in the hands of others.

MOVE ON NOW! says a policeman to a street crowd, and whacks heads if it don't.

"Move on now," says the big, harsh mineral pills to bowel congestion and suffering follows. Dr. King's New Life Pills don't bulldoze the bowels. They gently persuade them to right action, and health follows. 25c at H. S. Packard of Bethel; Chas. Fernald, Nathan Reynolds of Canton; H. J. Reynolds of Hildenville; C. A. Gardner of Duxford.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE SURE SIGN.

It isn't the money she's spending, it isn't the plans she has made, it isn't the wonderful windows with all of their trinkets arrayed; it isn't the weather that tells me, for so far we've had not a wave.

Suggestive that Christmas is coming—the boy has begun to behave.

I've noticed them busy cratching, I've read while they busily sewed Without realizing that Christmas is hiking along o'er the roads; And I might still be plodding on, thinking that now is the time I should save.

But I've tumbled at last to the season—the boy has begun to behave.

Why Christmas is almost upon us—last night he said "Thank you" to me.

His hands were as white as his mother's; his hair was as straight as could be.

And he went up to bed without grumbling, the arctic and regisist young slave!

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Edgar A. Guest, in Detroit Free Press.

Rayo LANTERNS

Don't Blow Out in the Wind

They are built for rugged use.
Built strong and durable.
Built so that they won't blow
out; so that they won't leak and won't smoke.

When you buy a RAYO, you buy a well-made lantern—the best that experts can produce.

At Dealers Everywhere
STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF NEW YORK
Albany, Buffalo, Boston, New York

A Word of Appreciation.

I wish to express my hearty thanks to my many customers for one of the busiest Holiday seasons in the history of this store. I appreciate your patronage, and in the year to come I will try to serve you even better than in the past.

To you, one and all, I wish not one but Many Happy New Years, years full of the best that your hearts desire.

Cordially yours,
Edward King, Bethel, Maine.

LOCAL HISTORY.

(Continued from page 1.)

and was made and the means for defense protection must have been provided soon after, the two places being furnished by the State Government with thirty-two soldiers who remained some two months, the plantation officials making several attempts by purchase of a feeble nature to obtain the State remission for taxes by the said and express in providing a future trouble.

In the year of 1792 the U. S. Government made an inventory of the land owned of Bethel as it did of all other places with the following result: The Jonathan Clark house, now standing, about a mile from the Hill 4370.

Jonathan Clark house located east of the York house 4320.
Benjamin Russell Middle Inter-estate 4230.
Mary Bartlett, Nathaniel Segar, 4230.
John Twissell, each 4230.
John Twissell, each 4230.

The Segar house, large on the ground, one story, is still standing, near the ferry landing in Hallowell, once a part of Bethel. Upon the back side of the Segar house memory still is recorded the late of the fact that he was captured by the Indians and carried into captivity. It is said to mention of the traditional story that he was away from the camp at the time of capture, visiting his "best girl," this statement seems necessary to explain the true situation as he lived or had his camp in the lower part of the plantation and the Indians did not go down there.

And while I am referring to the Segar name, in order to preserve a record fact or two I will present the following copied from the Bethel Observer, Oxford Co., that appeared in print December 10, 1911:

"The Bethel, died, on Sunday last, December 10, 1911, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Nathan Segar, a daughter of Mrs. Nathan Segar, in the nineteenth year of her age. She was residing in carrying a bottle of boiling water out of the house and not stepping with precision down the steps of the house sprained her ankle so violently as to occasion her fall to the ground when the whole boiling contents of the kettle was dumped upon her. Every possible care was made in vain for her recovery. She survived eight days in great distress when her life was crowned with death with a full assurance of a blessed immortality."

It is said to be remembered that this happened in what is now Hallowell, then in Bethel.

In an issue of the paper of August 10, 1890, appears the following: "The Bethel, died, on Sunday last, December 10, 1911, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Nathan Segar, a daughter of Mrs. Nathan Segar, in the nineteenth year of her age. She was residing in carrying a bottle of boiling water out of the house and not stepping with precision down the steps of the house sprained her ankle so violently as to occasion her fall to the ground when the whole boiling contents of the kettle was dumped upon her. Every possible care was made in vain for her recovery. She survived eight days in great distress when her life was crowned with death with a full assurance of a blessed immortality."

"A white bear killed in my garden in Bethel was found on Sunday and coming the crop to have produced 400 bushels. This year another was killed in a field, and in a field by itself, produced 800 bushels of corn. What do you say?" (Signed)

And here is one more quotation from the Bethel Observer: "The Bethel, died, on Sunday last, December 10, 1911, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Nathan Segar, a daughter of Mrs. Nathan Segar, in the nineteenth year of her age. She was residing in carrying a bottle of boiling water out of the house and not stepping with precision down the steps of the house sprained her ankle so violently as to occasion her fall to the ground when the whole boiling contents of the kettle was dumped upon her. Every possible care was made in vain for her recovery. She survived eight days in great distress when her life was crowned with death with a full assurance of a blessed immortality."

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ten, thirteen of whom are yet alive, to secure his death. He was buried on the Thursday following. A numerous concourse of his neighbors, friends and acquaintances attended, with great solemnity, while a sermon, impressive and interesting was delivered by his aged friend, the Rev. Daniel Gould of Hallowell.

Mr. Andrews was born in Temple N. H. and was one of the first settlers in Bethel and underwent all the fatigues and self-denials incident to those who settle in new townships in the early days of the settlement. He was an old Revolutionary soldier and laborer and sacrificed on the field to protect the rich and important privileges and blessings which our country so richly enjoys. In his last days while laboring under the infirmities of old age and palsy he received the justice and pecuniary aid from his country in support of himself he deserved. He was a sincere friend, hospitable and benevolent and obliging neighbor. (To be continued.)

Invalids and children should be given MAURE'S EMULSION to strengthen the body. Never fails. All druggists.

EAST BETHEL.

Mrs. Rita Bean is at her home here for a short Christmas vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester P. Bean are at home from Phillips, Me. for a two weeks' vacation.

Miss Elsie Bartlett is at home from teaching at Hallowell, Me. for the Christmas recess.

Mrs. Matilda Bartlett and Mrs. Octavia Bean visited Lewiston last Saturday and did some shopping.

Mr. O. R. Farwell and Miss Ella Farwell have gone to Melrose, Mass. for a few weeks' vacation with relatives and friends.

Mrs. J. N. Barnard and two daughters of West Bethel visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Kimball, the last of the week.

Miss Elsie Kimball was the guest of friends here and attended the entertainment.

An entertainment of music, readings, etc., given by the young people last Friday evening was well attended. A trip out for a "Confidence Game" was presented in a most creditable manner, each one taking their part especially well. Parts as follows:

Reza George
Elsie Kimball
Mildred Kimball
Maud Winslow
Helen Brown
Laurie Winslow
Robert Winslow
Howard Winslow
Frederick Brown

Robert Swan, Willie Bartlett. This was followed by a social dance, light refreshments were served, and the social time ended.

Miss Olive Grange held her regular meeting Dec. 12. The following officers were elected:

Master, J. H. Swan.
Deacons, D. C. Foster.
Sergeant, May P. Kimball.
Treasurer, Elsie C. Bartlett.
Organist, May L. Hartley.
Stewards, Nora V. Swan.
And Singers, Elsie C. Swan.
Frank Brown.
Elsie Bartlett.
Nathalie Foster.
Fannie Bartlett.
L. A. Howard, Ethel Mae Cole.

Are You Happy?

If you are it is safe to say that you enjoy good health, as it is impossible to be happy unless you are well. Most physicians will tell you that bad stomachs and bowels have up the cause of 90 per cent of all diseases. For the past 15 years SEVEN MARKS has proved to be the most powerful remedy for all STOMACH, LIVER and BOWEL troubles. It makes your digestion what it should be and keeps your system in good condition. From all SEVEN MARKS is to be made a point at all druggists. Money refunded if not satisfied. Address: LYMAN BROWN, 61 Murray St., New York, N.Y.

BEBMON.

Continued from page 1

who can answer that question of riper years. What is this perpetual, solemn miracle we call life? There is scarce an end to the questions one might ask which are too deep and too high for the thought of man; but the best teachings of the text are not of these. For my thoughts are not your thoughts. For, logically connects this verse with the verses directly preceding, which read: "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near. Let the wicked forsake His way and the unrighteous man his thoughts and let him return unto the Lord and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon."

There are two views as to the precise point of the connection made by "For." One is that it connects this verse with the former part of verse seven. When the meaning is: Let the wicked forsake his ways and thoughts because they are morally so unlike God's, morally so far below His. Let him know that he must be in a different relation to God if he would be reconciled to, and have peace with, God. While he follows such evil ways and thoughts he can have no common interest with God, whose ways and thoughts are so unlike his—so pure and good in contrast to his so impure and vile. Paul expresses a similar idea when he asks, what concord hath Christ with Belial? Or what portion hath a believer with an unbeliever? And what agreement hath a temple of God with idols?

The second view connects the first verse of the tenth with the latter part of the preceding verse, making it a support of the declaration: "God will have mercy. God will abundantly pardon." It supposes that God's thoughts and ways are here contrasted with man's especially in respect of his wealth of mercy and readiness to forgive; that thus God designs to overcome the unbelief and conscious guilt in the sinner's heart. The simpler reason, A God as pure and just can never have mercy on a sinner so guilty as I. Therefore God intensifies and expands His promise of mercy, saying, Judge not my mercy by your own, nor my readiness to pardon by yours, mine surpasses yours as the heavens surpass the earth in height. The first view makes the text an incentive to purity; the second makes it an incentive to trust in the abounding mercy of God.

These two views both point to the same result, the reconciliation of man to God, and his consequent blessedness and happiness.

Prof. James says: There is a certain uniform deliverance in which all religions appear to meet. It consists of two parts: (1) An unconscious, and (2) a conscious, and the unconscious, reduced to its simplest terms, is a sense that there is something wrong about us as we naturally stand. The solution is a sense that we are saved from the wrongness by making proper connection with the higher powers.

Let us consider a few of God's ways that have direct reference to this reconciliation, that differ from those of man.

First. With God salvation is a present gift and experience. Behold, now is the acceptable time; behold, now is the day of salvation.

James says: "He that heareth my word and beareth Him that sent me, hath eternal life, and cometh not into judgment, but hath passed out of death into life." Eternal life is the state or condition into which one enters when he accepts Christ as his savior and begins the Christian life. We are want to regard salvation and eternal life as belonging to the future, God's purpose is that we shall be by one in the possession of a present salvation, and that this joyousness shall be a source to the attainment of holiness and peace. With God, faith brings joy and peace, then works by love to purify the heart and overcome the world.

God gives a new heart and thus a new life. A new heart also will I give you and a new spirit will I put within you. And I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh and give you an heart of flesh. Just as in the physical nature the whole life of the body takes its key from the heart and an organ can be perfect in its structure and no function complete in its action if the heart is diseased, so in a spiritual sense the heart gives color to every action of life. It seems to me to be a plain teaching of the Scriptures that actions which in themselves may be essentially alike, must be regarded as good or bad according as they bring him who does them nearer to the highest end of existence, the glorification of God, or nearer to some law and there every case of these actions is determined by the heart, as a result of the heart, leading to give the nature of action a fixed direction.

Use and habit are powers. Far stronger than passion in this world of ours. And our acts, our angels are, or good or ill. Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

God, giving us a new heart, liberates us from the bondage of sin and makes us free to serve Him. As God said to Pharaoh by the mouth of Moses, so He says to Satan, "Let my son go that he may serve me."

Man on the other hand would try to make himself a new heart by leading a new life. It is as if one should try to purify a fountain by filtering the stream that flowed from it, or like attempting to improve the tree by raising better fruit. God cleanses the fountain and the sweet waters fill the stream. He makes the tree good and it brings forth good fruit. God works from within outward, from the center to the circumference.

Consider the lilies how they grow; they toil not, they spin not, they grow. They are not put together artificially, by deftly acting fingers. God is no mere artisan or mechanical creator. The lilies spring forth from an inherent principle of life, ministered to by all the external influences of soil and moisture and heat and light. What a world of meaning there is in this plant growth. The wonderful structure and vital powers of the plant, the service rendered it by the great and distant sun, the clouds driven by the wind from the ocean bringing it rain; the growth that goes on quietly, silently, surely, with such order and results of beauty, are all mysteries too deep for our thought. Just as the germ of grace in the heart grows inwardly and outwardly, ministered to and nurtured by all the means of grace and the environment which God supplies.

Again, God works from eternal principles. He implants within the heart the all embracing principle of love to God and to man, and all the rules necessary to the guidance of human actions flow from it. How many difficult and perplexing problems were at once solved when Newton discovered the principle of gravitation. Just so when a soul discovers its true relation to God are a multitude of questions answered, and a host of doubts swept away. We must lay hold upon Christ.

"Else our lives are incomplete. Standing in these walls of time. Broken stairways, where the feet stumble as they seek to climb."

When Jesus, at the grave of Lazarus, spoke to Martha of her brother's resurrection, He seemed at first to be talking of something far away at the last day, and His words were little comfort to her. But when her faith had been so strengthened that she could say, you Lord; I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, even He that cometh into the world, it followed that with God all things are possible, and among them the present resurrection of her brother. In like manner ought we who have been educated by the lessons of the life, the crucifixion and the resurrection of Christ to gladly accept the teachings that necessarily flow from these.

We may not understand the incarnation, the atonement or justification by faith; but when we accept the story of Christ's life and death and resurrection, we are assured that there is no other cause given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved. How blessed for a man unable to explain the most common phenomena of nature to refuse to believe Scripture statements because he can not understand them. "God is love, and finite man can faintly comprehend how great the mercy in His love may with stern justice blend." Nor ought we to expect to comprehend a being whose thoughts and ways are higher than ours on the craters are higher than the earth. His mercy endureth forever, and a life time is all too short to gain such a knowledge of God, of His greatness and goodness, as we shall wish to have when admitted to His presence. To the Lord our God belong majesty and forgiveness, though we have rebelled against Him. Return unto the Lord and He will have mercy and to our God for He will abundantly pardon.

And now despite this great disparity between God and man in His natural state, what is God's thought and purpose and desire for man, for you and me? This, "He is perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." That is the vast heavenly purpose, precious as the stars of heaven. That is the loving Father's life-design for each and every one of His children. The vastness of God's thought for my soul and your soul is the measure of His love for us, and it is the inspiration of the devout and pure and blessed life.

Do you earnestly desire that God's aims and purposes shall become yours, then you are facing toward the stars. If you are truly praying for this, then are you moving toward it. Great as God is in wisdom, power, goodness, love and holiness, His high-

COLLECTOR'S ADVERTISEMENT OF SALE OF LANDS OF RESIDENT OWNERS.

STATE OF MAINE.

Unpaid taxes on lands situated in the Town of Bethel, in the County of Oxford for the year 1912.

The following list of taxes on real estate of resident owners in the Town of Bethel aforesaid, for the year 1912, committed to me for collection for said Town on the 18th day of May, 1912, remain unpaid; notice is hereby given that if said taxes with interest and charges are not previously paid, so much of the real estate taxed as is sufficient to pay the amount due therefor, including interest and charges, will be sold without further notice at public auction at Odeon Hall in said Town, on the first Monday in February, 1913, at nine o'clock, A. M.

Name of Owner.	Description of Property.	Amt. tax, charges, etc.
Bartlett, Judson F.	Homestead Farm,	\$16.20
Chapman, William L.	Homestead Farm,	23.80
Cushman, Archie G.	Homestead Farm,	20.00
Coolidge, W. Edgar,	Homestead Farm,	12.40
Dudley, Marion A., Heirs of	Homestead,	28.50
	East End of Bond Island and Straw Land,	14.75
Durall, T. H.	Homestead,	11.00
Estes, Daniel C.,	Homestead Farm,	15.25
Estes, S. B.	Homestead,	6.70
Estes, Elliott L.	Homestead Farm,	6.70
Head, Harry N.	Homestead,	4.80
Glines, Loren M.	Homestead,	10.50
Mason, Artemas H.	Land between County Road and Railroad,	1.43
	D. L. Austin Land,	1.05
Maxim, Howard F.	Homestead,	27.00
	J. A. Chase Homestead,	5.70
	Part of Nathan Cummings Farm,	.95
Mason, Seth L.	Homestead Farm,	13.33
Mayconnell, Samuel,	Homestead Farm,	11.83
	Buck Lot 7-3,	1.81
	One half of 6-3,	1.71
	G. L. Blake Place,	2.85
	James McConnell Homestead Farm,	9.55
	Part of P. C. Thomas Lot,	2.38
Morrill, Geo. D.	Homestead Farm,	41.22
Small, Vitella,	Homestead,	12.40
	Goodwin Land,	1.90
Stone, Viola,	Homestead Farm,	4.80
Verrill, Fred C.	Homestead Farm,	23.80
Vashaw, Thomas W.	Homestead at West Bethel,	10.50
	Field of G. D. Morrill,	10.50

December 17, 1912.
N. E. RICHARDSON,
Collector of Taxes of the Town of Bethel.

COLLECTOR'S ADVERTISEMENT OF SALE OF LANDS OF NON-RESIDENT OWNERS.

STATE OF MAINE.

Unpaid taxes on lands situated in the Town of Bethel, in the County of Oxford, for the year 1912.

The following list of taxes on real estate of non-resident owners in the Town of Bethel aforesaid, for the year 1912, committed to me for collection for said Town on the 18th day of May, 1912, remain unpaid; and notice is hereby given that if said taxes with interest and charges are not previously paid, so much of the real estate taxed as is sufficient to pay the amount due therefor, including interest and charges, will be sold without further notice at public auction at Odeon Hall in said Town, on the first Monday in February, 1913, at nine o'clock A. M.

Name of Owner	Description of Property.	Amt. tax, charges, etc.
Bean, E. O.	The Robert Bean Lot, 5-1-100, West Part of 5-1-25.	\$7.20
		1.43
Bethel & Rumford Falls Electric Railroad,	The Dunham Lot,	7.20
Burbank, Benard.	Part of Bond Island,	9.10
Cross, Henry,	Homestead at West Bethel,	3.40
Cole, Elmer D.	Old Homestead Lot,	4.30
	C. Morgan Homestead,	39.50
Hutchins, Harold S.	Old Homestead Farm,	30.00
Kilgore, W. W.	The Earl Barker Stand,	11.00
Swan, Marcus E.	Homestead,	

December 17, 1912.
N. E. RICHARDSON,
Collector of Taxes of the Town of Bethel.

COLLECTOR'S ADVERTISEMENT OF SALE OF LANDS OF NON-RESIDENT OWNERS.

STATE OF MAINE.

Unpaid taxes on lands situated in the Town of Albany, in the County of Oxford, for the year 1912.

The following list of taxes on real estate of non-resident owners in the Town of Albany aforesaid, for the year 1912, committed to me for collection for said Town on the 15th day of June 1912, remain unpaid; and notice is hereby given that if said taxes with interest and charges are not previously paid, so much of the real estate taxed as is sufficient to pay the amount due therefor, including interest and charges, will be sold without further notice at public auction at The Town House in said Town, on the first Monday in February, 1913, at nine o'clock A. M.

Name of Owner	Description of Property.	Amt. tax, charges, etc.
Moringstar, B. F.	4 acres in Lot 2 in Range 3.	\$23.52

December 17, 1912.
GEORGE CUMMINGS,
Collector of Taxes of the Town of Albany.

est desire is that we shall be like Him. For He made us in His image and He seeks to mould us into His spiritual likeness.

Read again that genealogy of Joseph in the third chapter of Luke, closing with, "Eso, who was the son of Seth, who was the son of Adam, who was the son of God." Two deep again for our comprehension, yet we get a glimpse of its wonderful meaning.

In the image and likeness of God was man created, and through the atonement of Christ, in faith and obedience we may attain God-likeness in spiritual things. There is no human thought so inspiring, and if we will let it possess us it will expand and perfect us till we attain unto the unity of the Father and of the Son.

God, into full grown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.

NEWRY.

Miss Corn Hargest visited her sister, Mrs. H. R. Powers, last Sunday.

Miss Agnes Frost is at home from West Paris for the Christmas holidays.

Diantha Powers and Carrie Harlow called at A. H. Powers' one day last week.

Henry Godwin worked for his uncle, Carl, while he and his wife attended State Orange in Portland, Me.

NORTH RUMFORD.

Mrs. W. H. Caldwell is visiting her daughter, Mrs. E. H. Virgin, at Dixfield during the Christmas holidays.

Misses Katherine Silver and Ruth Glines are in Ireland, Florida, for the winter.

Carroll Elliott is home from the U. of M. for Christmas vacation.

WEAR HUB RUBBERS
THE WHEEL